THE

Newest Collection

OF THE

CHOICEST

SONGS,

As they are Sung

AT

COURT,

THEATRE,

MUSICK-SCHOOLS,

BALLS, &c.

WITH

Musical Notes.

London, Printed by *T. Haly*, for *D. Brown*, at the Black *Swan* and *Bible* without *Temple-Bar*, and *T. Benskin*, in St. *Brides* Church-Yard, *Fleet-Street*; 1683.

21 Feb. 2

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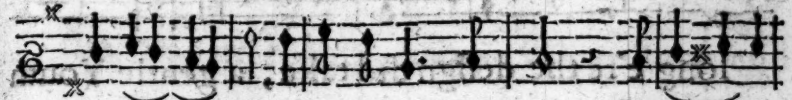
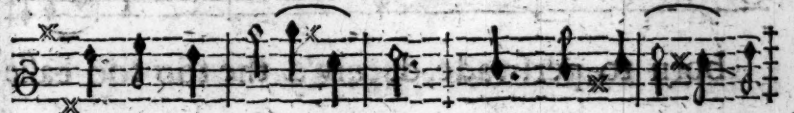
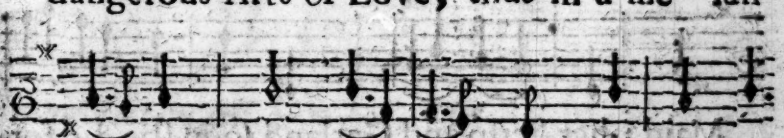
SELINA.



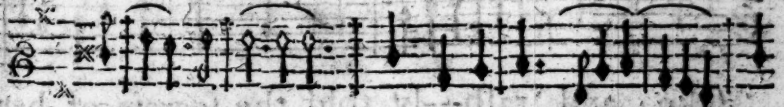
LOvely *Selina*, innocent and free, from all the



dangerous Arts of Love, thus in a me---lan-

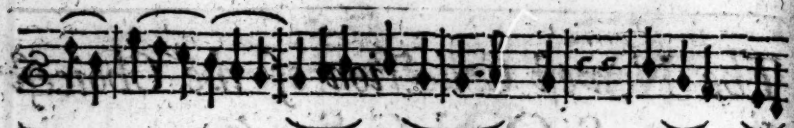


chol---ly Grove, en--joy'd the sweetness of

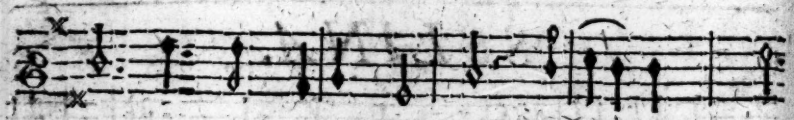


her Priva——cy; till envious Gods design-

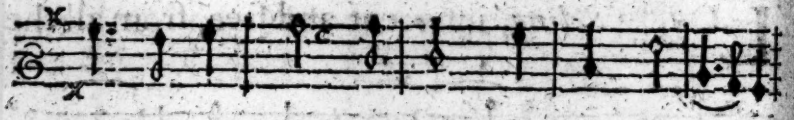
ing to undoe her, dispatch the Swain, not



un——like them to wooe her : it was not

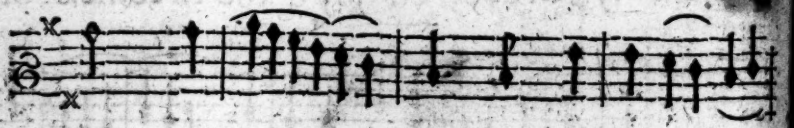


long e're the deſign did take, a gentle Youth

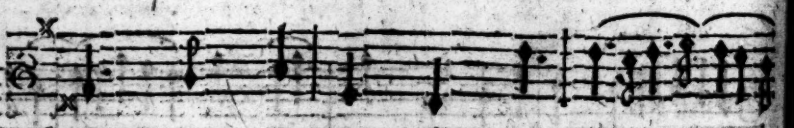


born to perſwade, deceiv'd the too too eaſie

Maid ; her Scrip and Garland ſoon ſhe did for-

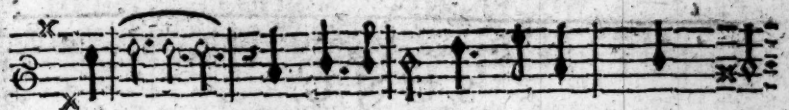


ſake, and raſh---ly told the ſecrets of her

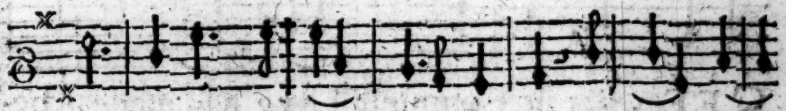


heart, which the fond Man would ever---more

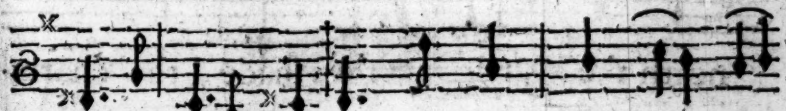
impart:



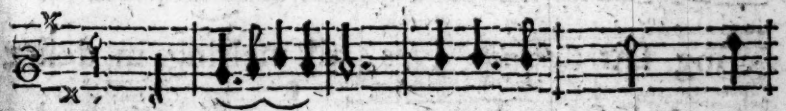
im---part ; falſe *Coridel*, joy of my heart, ſaid



ſhe, 'tis hard to love, love in vain to love and

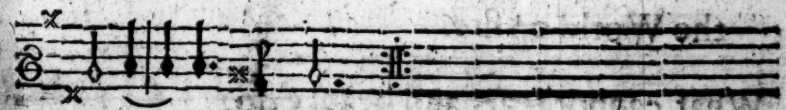


not be loved again ; and why ſhould love and



prudence diſ--a--gree ; pitty ye powers that

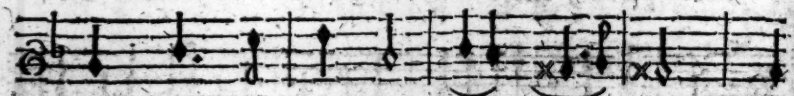
ſit at eaſe a---bove, if e're you know what



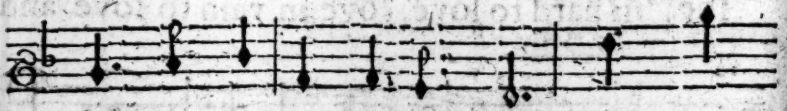
?tis to be in love.

SONG.

SONG.



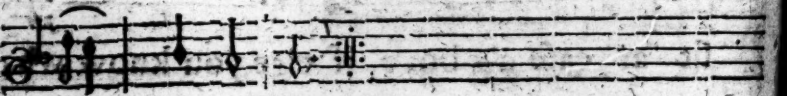
SEE what a Conqueſt Love has made, be-



neath the Myrtles am'rous ſhade, the charm-

ing fair *Corinna* lyes, all melting in deſire,

quenching in tears thoſe flaming Eyes, that ſet



the World on fire.

What cannot tears and beauty do,
The Youth, by chance, ſtood by and knew
For whom thoſe Chryſtal Eyes did flow;
And tho' he ne'r before,

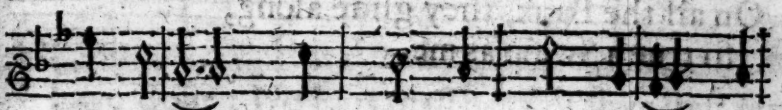
to

to her Eyes brighteſt rays did bow,
Weeps too, and does adore.

So when the Heavens ſerene and clear,
Guilded with gaudy light appear,
Each craggy Rock and e'ry Stone
Their native rigour keep;
But when in Rain the Clouds fall down,
The hardeſt Marbles weep.

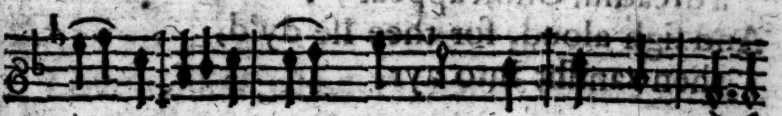
SONG.

AH! *Jenny Gin*, your Eyn do kill, you'l let me

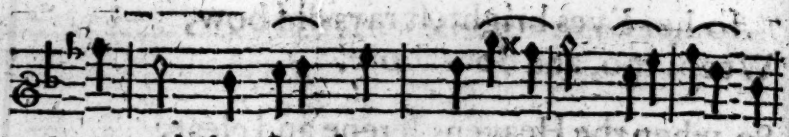


tell my pain; geud faith I'ſe lov'd againſt my

will, but wad not break my Chain: I eance was



call'd a bonny Lad, till that fair face of yours,
betray'd



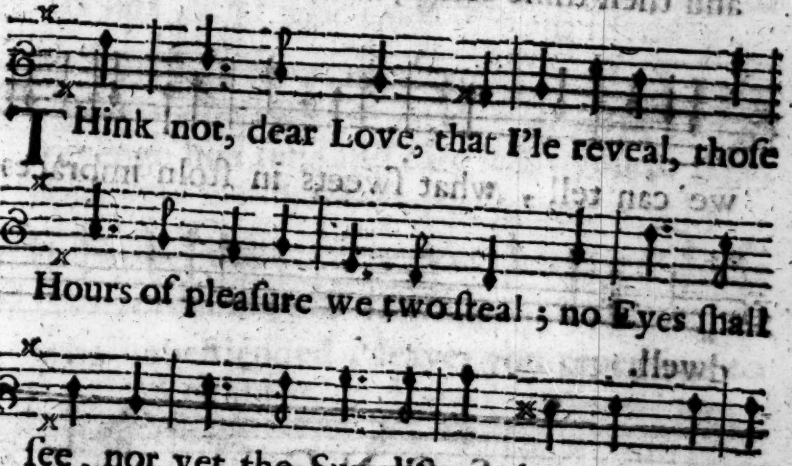
betray'd the freedome once I had, and all my

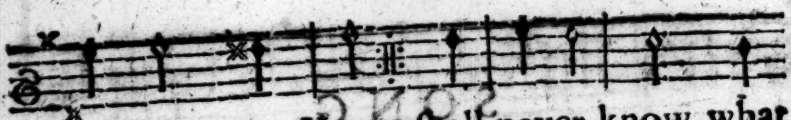
blither hours.

And now, wey's me, like Winter looks,
my faded ſhowring eyn;
And on the banks of ſhaddowing Brooks,
I paſs the tedious time:
Iſe call the ſtreams that glide ſoft on,
to witneſs if they ſee,
On all the Banks they glide along,
ſo true a Swain as me.

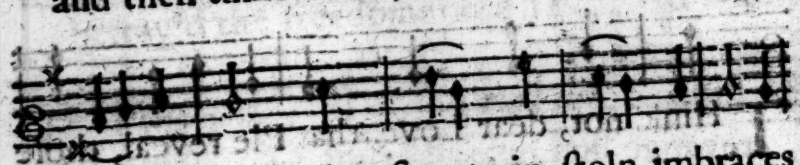
Then prithee *Jenny* pitty me,
thy faithful loving Swain;
Or elſe, geud faith, Iſe e'n will dee,
and in my Tomb be layn:
And e'ry night juſt by thy ſide,
a dreadful Ghoſt appear;
And ſigh aloud, for thee Iſe dy'd,
then vaniſht into ayr.

SONG.

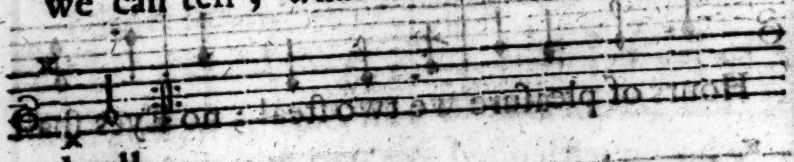

THink not, dear Love, that I'le reveal, thoſe
Hours of pleaſure we two ſteal; no Eyes ſhall
ſee, nor yet the Sun diſcry what thee and I
have done: No Ears ſhall hear of love, but we
a——s ſilent as the night will be; the God of
Love himſelf, whoſe Dart did firſt wound mine



and then thine Heart, ſhall never know what



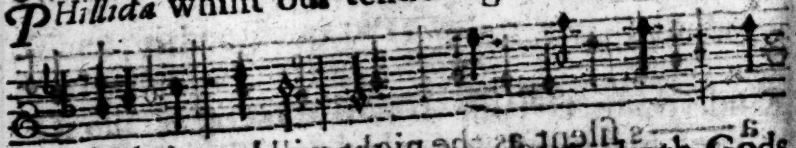
we can tell, what ſweets in ſtoln imbraces



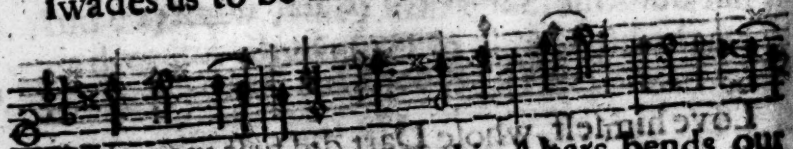
dwell.

SONG.

Phillida whilſt our tender age is, Nature per-

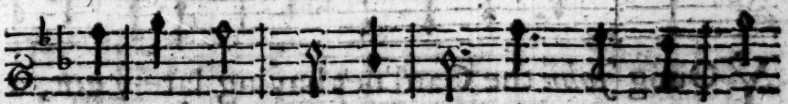


ſwades us to be kind; Love, who both Gods

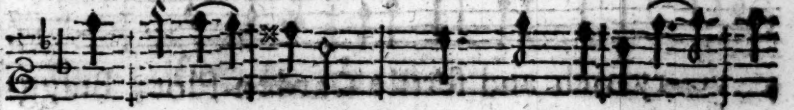


and Man ingages, unto his Altars bends our

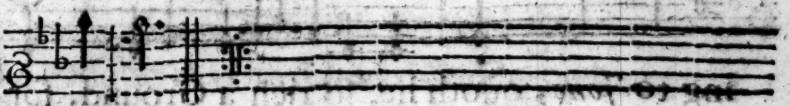
minds: At your resisting he's offended, and to



revenge him time and care leads you to Age,



who unbefriended, leaves you repenting to

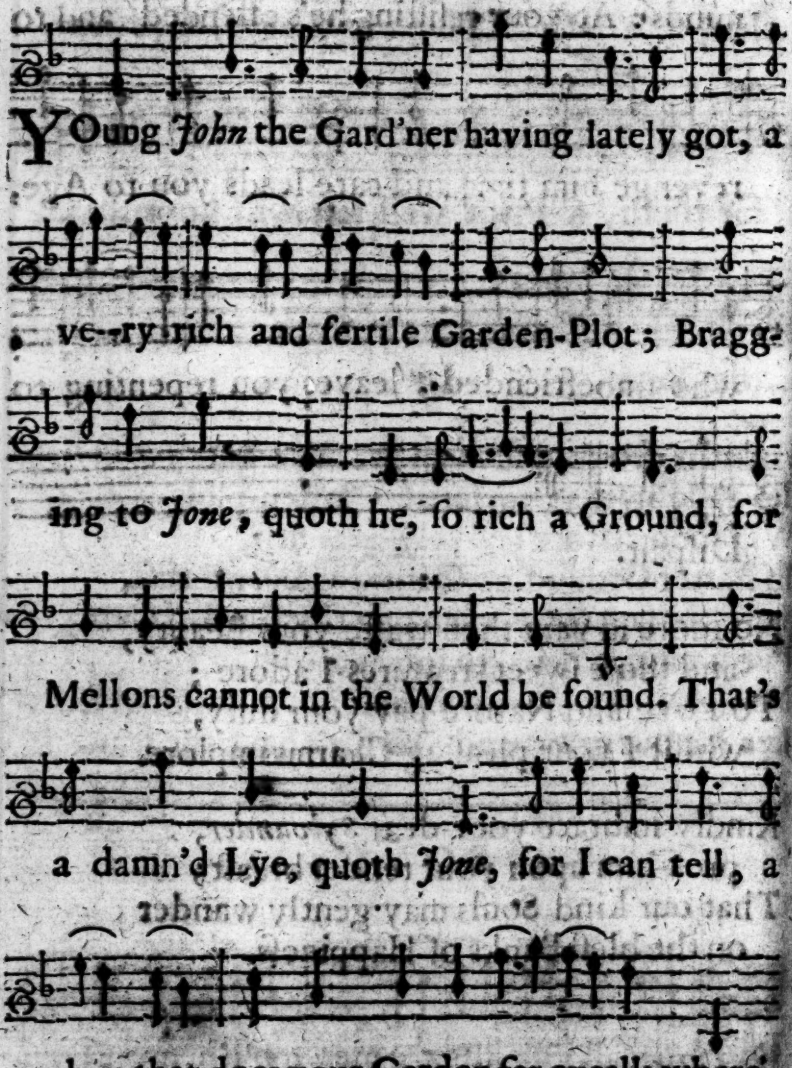


Dispair.

No more in vain then waste your Beauty,
and those sweet treasures I adore;
To Love and Nature pay your duty,
whilst I your pleasing Charms implore.

Kindly imbrace your dear *Sylvander*,
press him upon your tender breast;
That our kind Souls may gently wander
on the blest Banks of Happiness.

SONG.


YOung John the Gard'ner having lately got, a
ve-ry rich and fertile Garden-Plot; Bragg-
ing to Jone, quoth he, so rich a Ground, for
Mellons cannot in the World be found. That's
a damn'd Lye, quoth Jone, for I can tell, a
place that does your Garden far excell: where,
that

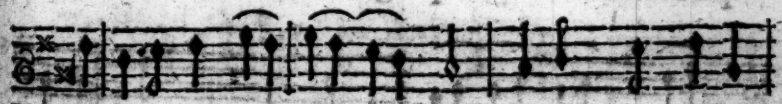
that, ſays *John*? 'Twixt my Leggs, ſays *Jone*,

for there, a Plant well ſett will flouriſh all

the Year.

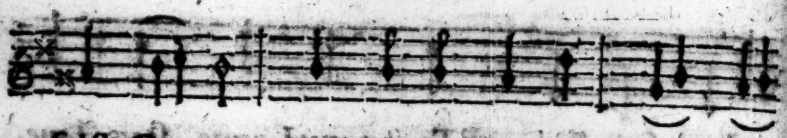
For if it droop, I ſuch an art have got
To raiſe it, that my fertile Garden-plot
Will ſoon reſtore it lively as at firſt,
In better Ground no Plant was ever thruſt.
Say'ſt ſo, ſays *John*, then ope thy Garden Gate,
I've a choice Scien to inoculate;
Nay, nay, my *Jone*, you muſt not now diſpute,
Let me but graſt, and you ſhall have the fruit.

SONG.



IN *Phillis* all vile jilts are met, fooliſh, uncertain,

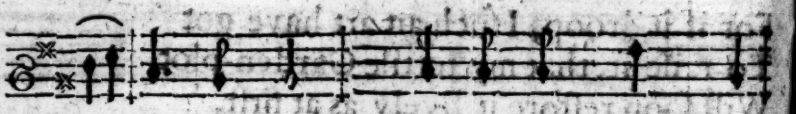
falſe



falſe Coquet: Love is her conſtant welcome-

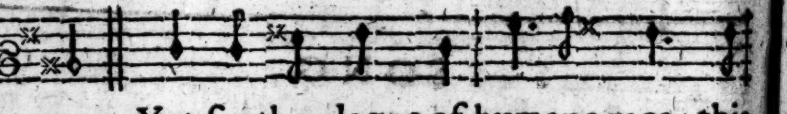
Gueſt, and ſtill the neweſt pleaſes beſt: quickly

ſhe likes, then leaves as ſoon, her life on Wo-



man's a Lampoon; quickly ſhe likes, then

leaves as ſoon, her life on Woman's a Lam-

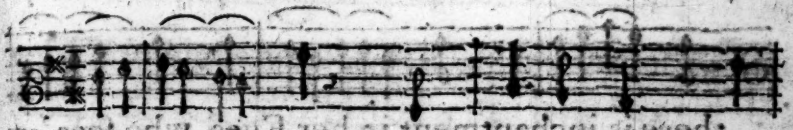


poon. Yet for the plague of humane race, this

Dev——il has an Angels face; ſuch youth,

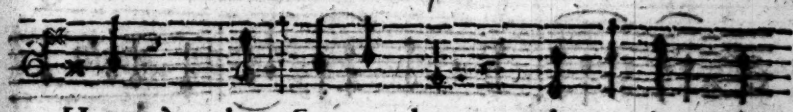
ſuch

ſuch ſweetneſs in her look, who can bemoan



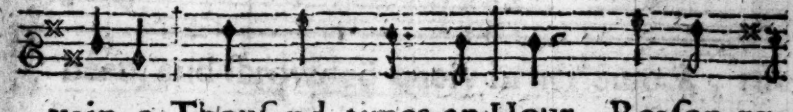
and not be took? what former love, what

Wit, what art, can ſave a poor declineing

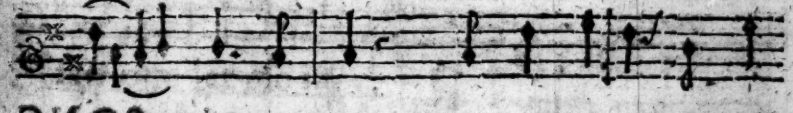


Heart? what former love, what wit, what

art, can ſave a poor inclining Heart? In

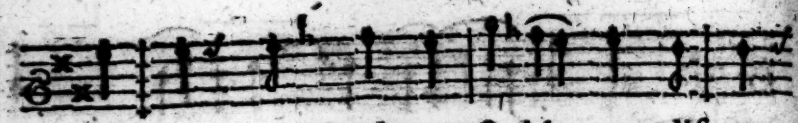


vain a Thouſand times an Hour, Reaſon re-

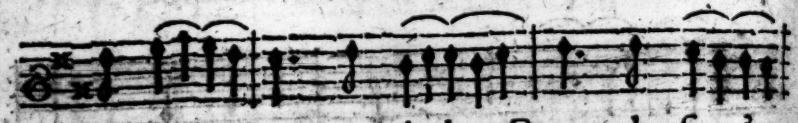


bels againſt her power; in vain I rail, I curſe

her



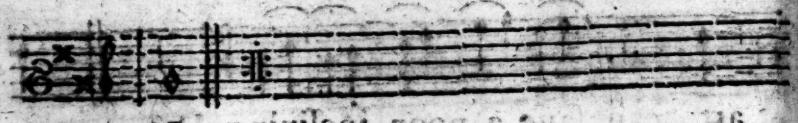
her charms, one look my feeble rage disarms;



there is inchantment in her Eyes, who sees 'em

can no more be wise; there is inchantment

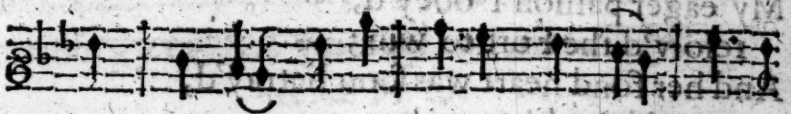
i---n her Eyes, who sees 'em can no more



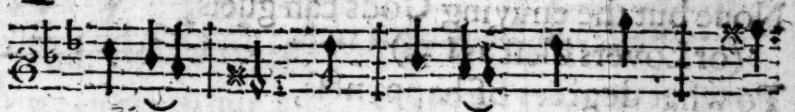
be wise.

SONG.

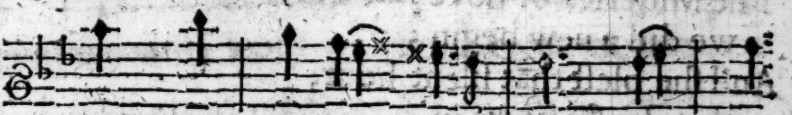
SONG.



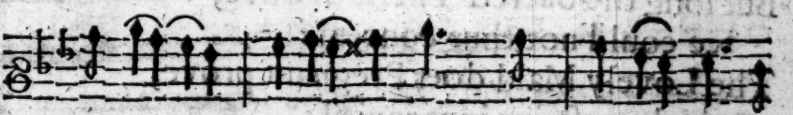
THe night her blackeſt ſables wore, all gloomy



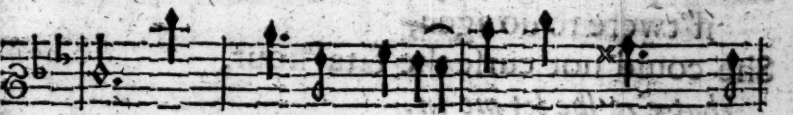
were the Skies; and glittering Stars there were



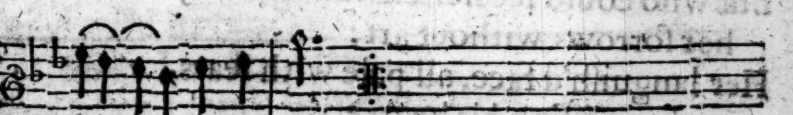
more, then thoſe in *Stella*'s Eyes; When at



her Fathers Gate I knock't, where I had often



been, and ſhrowded onely in her Smock, the



fair one let me in.

Faſt lock'd within my cloſe embrace,
ſhe trembling lay aſham'd;

Her ſwelling breaſts and glowing face,
and every touch enflam'd:
My eager paſſion I obey'd,
reſolv'd the Fort to win;
And her fond heart was ſoon betray'd,
to yield, and let me in.

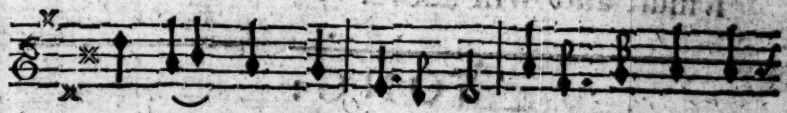
None but the envying Gods can gueſs,
(or Lovers bleſt as I;)
To what degrees of happyneſs,
we rais'd our equal joy:
The Miſteries of Love ran o're,
we did a new begin;
And ſhe bleſt that ſilent hour,
that e're ſhe let me in.

But long the Sacred Theſts of Love,
we could not thus conceal:
The Lovely Maid does Pregnant prove,
which muſt our joys reveal;
She wept and ſigh'd, yet ſtill ſhe ſwore
if 'twere to do agen,
She could not curſe the fatal hour,
that e're ſhe let me in.

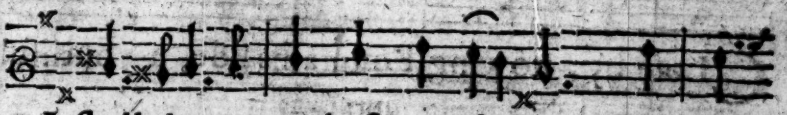
But who could ſee her charming tears,
her ſorrows without art:
Her languiſh'd face, all pale with fears,
and not reſign his heart?
We Marry'd, and conceal'd the crime,
ſo all was well agin;

And now ſhe thanks the bleſſed time
that e're ſhe let me in.

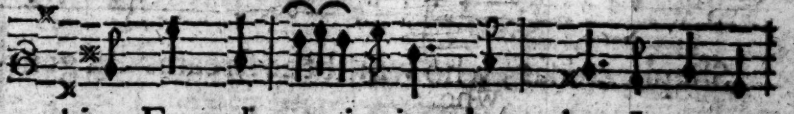
SONG.



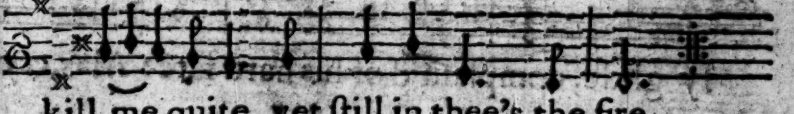
THou art fair and cruel too, I am amaz'd what



I ſhall do to purchaſe my deſire; ſometimes



thine Eyes do me invite, but when I venture



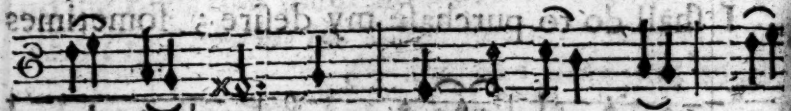
kill me quite, yet ſtill in thee's the fire.

Oft have I thought my love to quell,
And try'd its furies to repell,
Since I no hope can find:
But when I think of leaving thee,
My Heart as much does torture me,
as 'twould rejoyce (if kind.)

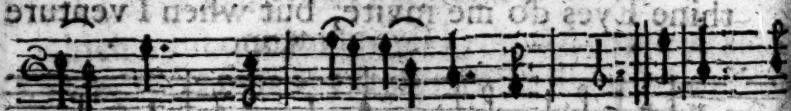
Thus have I lov'd, though hardly us'd,
And when I proffer, am refus'd,
can any ſuffer more?
Be coy, be cruel, do thy worſt,
Though for thy ſake I am accurſt,
I muſt and will adore.

SONG:

CLoſe by a flowing Fountains ſide, a youthful

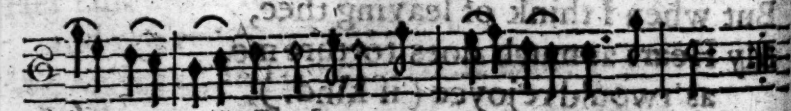


Shepheard ſat; who whilſt the ſtreams did gent-



ly glide, complain'd of his hard fate: Alas, crys

he, I am undone, *Phillis* my joy is fled, and left



me ſorrowful alone, to weep till I am dead.

Alas!

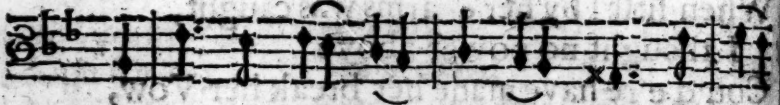
Alas! who ever wou'd have thought,
that she'd unconstant prove?
When first I by her charms was caught,
I thought no power above
Cou'd e're have made her break her Vow,
which she to *Rhaon* made:
But ah! alas! too late I know,
I am in love betray'd.

I with my secrets trusted one
who did me circumvent;
And with my *Phillis* now is gone,
whilst here I do lament:
But let them go, grief break my heart,
since I no more can pay
To her, who by her treacherous art,
late stole my heart away.

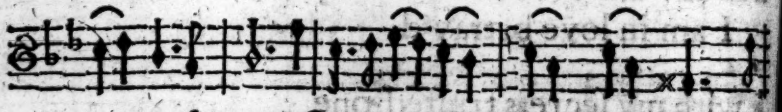
This said, the *Shepherd* sigh'd again,
which eccho'd through the Grove;
And did his *Phillis* loss complain,
which stony Rocks might move:
But *Phillis* she did not return,
though cruel Nymph, he cry'd:
And when he could no longer mourn,
he lay'd him down and dy'd.

SONG.

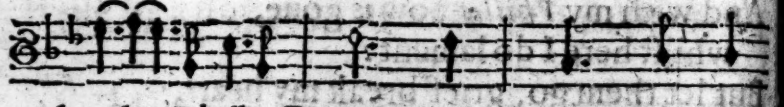
SONG.



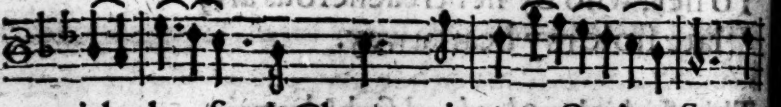
RAnging the Plain one Summers night, to paſs



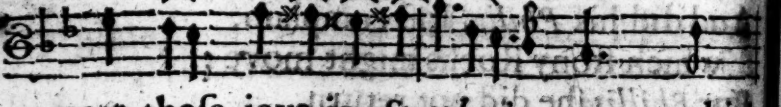
a vacant hour, I fortunately chanc'd to light on



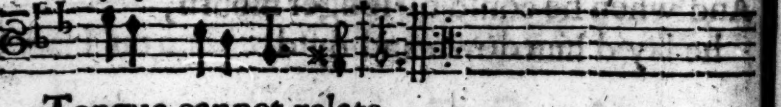
lovely *Phillis* Bower; the Nymph adorn'd



with thouſand Charms, in expectation ſat, to



meet thoſe joys in *Strephon*'s arms, which



Tongue cannot relate.

Upon her hand ſhe lean'd her head,
her breaſt did gently riſe;

That

That e'ry Lover might have read
her Wiſhes in her Eyes:
At e'ry breath that mov'd the Trees,
ſhe ſuddenly would ſtart;
A Cold on all her body ſeiz'd,
a trembling one her heart.

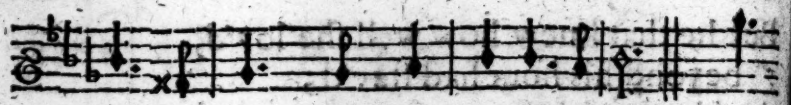
But he that knew how well ſhe lov'd,
beyond his hour had ſtay'd;
And both with fear and anger mov'd
the melancholly Maid:
Ye Gods, ſaid ſhe, how oft he ſwore,
he would be here by one;
But now alas! 'tis Six and more,
and yet he is not come.

I fear he does ſome other love,
which makes him thus neglect
My conſtant paſſion for to prove,
and ſhew this diſreſpect:
But ſcarce theſe words did beat the ayr,
e're loving *Strephon* came;
And on the Bank he lay'd his Dear,
where both expreſt their flame.

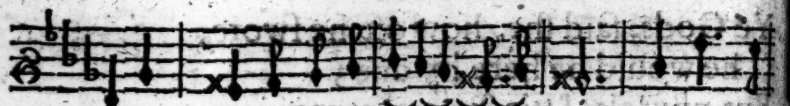
SONG.

SONG.

GOne are my happy days, all loſt, for ſhe, that



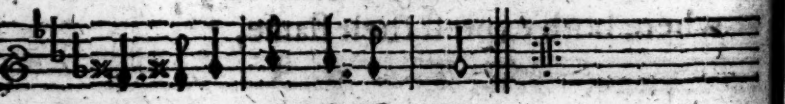
ſtole my heart, ſto'e then my Liberty: Arm'd



by the ſpoyls of a defenceleſs breaſt, and in the

richeſt Garb of Nature dreſt; Crown'd by her

Conqueſt, now ſhe's gone before, ne'r to re-



member loving *Thirſis* more.

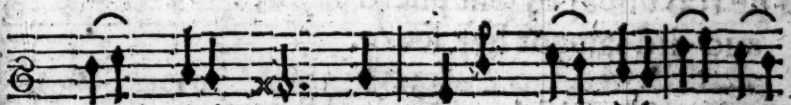
Let her in Triumph ride, I'le be as brave,
With humble pride, I'le follow like a ſlave;

But if amidſt the pomp with ſcorn ſhe turn,
And ſee the wretch that once for her did burn;

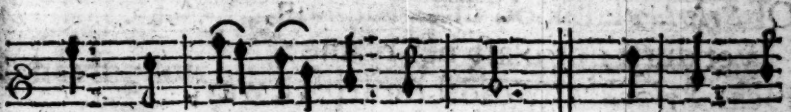
Juſt as ſhe backward caſts her Princely head,
Then her reproachful Eyes will ſtrike me dead.

SONG.

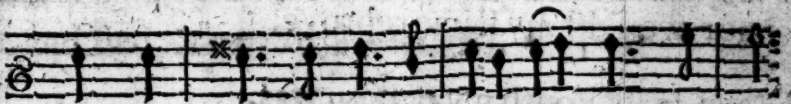
Philander once a merry Swain, a Charming



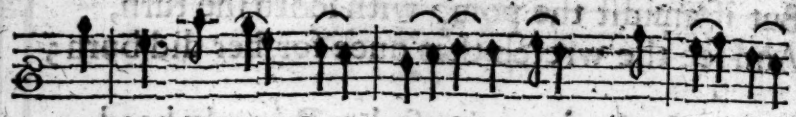
Nymph did love; who never paid his love a-



gain, but did unconſtant prove: Falſely the



Shepherd ſhe forſook, and did his love diſdain,



Yet he in love ſuch pleaſure took, that he im-

brac'd the pain.

Such was his paſſion, ſuch his flame,
ſo full of Honour too;
That he ſtill lov'd to breath her Name,
although ſhe prov'd untrue:
Therefore beneath a Myrtle ſhade,
one pleaſant Summers morn,
The too unhappy Shepherd lay'd,
and did lament her ſcorn.

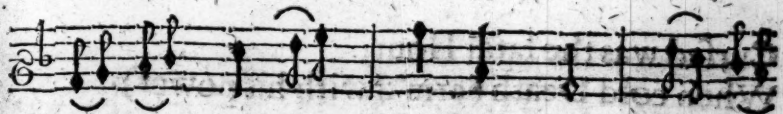
Thus to himſelf the wretched Swain,
though tender of her fame;
Of *Silvia's* falſhood did complain,
yet durſt not blaſt her Name:
Dear *Sylvia* why didſt thou give way,
that I ſhould talk of love?
Yet know thou couldſt not love repay,
nor wou'dſt my flame reprove.

When in its youth my paſſion was,
'twas eaſie to remove;
But now 'tis grown to ſuch a paſs,

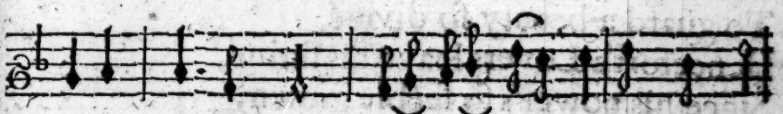
the

the task too hard will prove:
For in my Heart the love of you
too deeply rooted is;
'Twas the first grief I ever knew,
yet is my greatest Bliss.

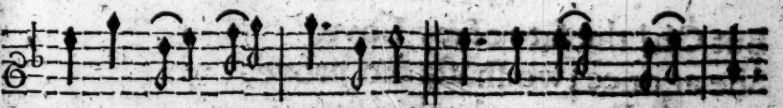
SONG.



HAst ye beauteous Nymph of Shades, hast *A-*



pollo's sacred Maids; *Damon* now is in distress,



having lost his happiness: All his joys are gone

and fled, *Amarillis* she is dead.

Lend him help, or he must Dye,
In Groans is all his Harmony.

Weep ye *Springs*, ye *Fountains* weep,
Bleat my Flocks of tender *Sheep* ;
With ſad *Songs* I'le paſs the Day,
And *Sigh* the ſullen Night away:
For ſhe's gone, who from my breaſt
Has baniſh'd all my peace and reſt ;
To the ſhades I'le hie apace,
There behold her lovely face.

Curſed was the fatal Hour,
When cold Death (arm'd with his power)
Put to flight the God of Love,
Whoſe fierce ſhaft too weak did prove,
To guard a beauty ſo divine,
Henceforth Lovers leave his ſhrine,
Since his power's ſo feeble grown,
That he can't defend his own.

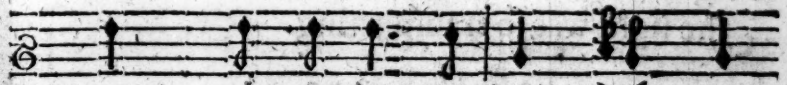
But Oh! the fate of my Love,
She at once two ſhafts did prove,
One all Feavour, 'tother Ice,
Nature conquer'd in a trice ;
Life from its defences beat,
Yet ſtill ſhe ſhines a *Saint* compleat.

She the *Shepherds-Star* ſhall be,
And kind influence ſhed on me ;
I will gazing nightly view
Her that did my heart ſubdue:

Shining

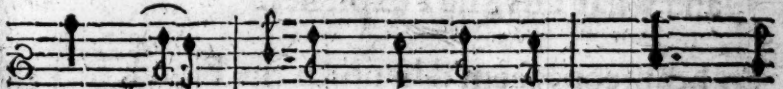
Shining brighteſt in the Sphear,
Beyond the reach of mortal fear;
Which ſhall chear my lingring ſtay,
Till to her I find the way.

SONG:



WHen *Summer* had a--dorn'd each Grove,

and in her pride was blooming; and *Flora* from



her Throne above, the ayr with ſweets per-

fuming.

Then forth I walk'd to view the Plains,
where numerous Flocks were feeding;

To

To hear the *Shepherds* rural ſtrains,
with nimble feet proceeding.

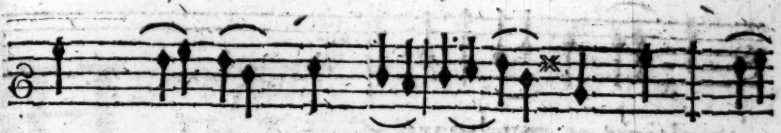
Where in a Chryſtal purling ſtream,
from Neighbouring Hills deſcending;
Which ſhelter'd was from *Phœbus* beams,
by Poplar Boughs o're-bending:
I ſpy'd a pretty Shepherdeſs,
that naked there was ſporting;
To gaze on her I could no leſs,
the ſight was ſo tranſporting.

Nor at a diſtance long could ſtand,
her beauties were attractive;
And by their ſecret force command
my paſſion to be active:
Her Roſie Cheeks and ſtarry Eyes,
high riſing Front and Treſſes;
Her panting Breaſts, and Ivory Thighs,
and what Love ne'r expreſſes.

So beauteous ſeem'd beneath the Flood,
the charming *Syrens* ſinging;
I might have eaſier withſtood,
for love my thoughts was winging:
Then ſtrait I ſnatcht her from the ſtream,
all ſighing, bluſhing, ſhrieking;
And preſt her on the flowry brim,
until ſhe left her ſqueaking.

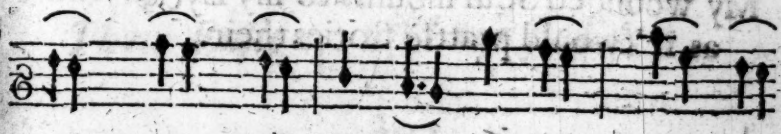
Ah!

SONG.

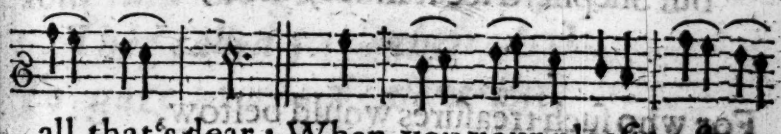


AH! what can mean that eager joy, tranſports

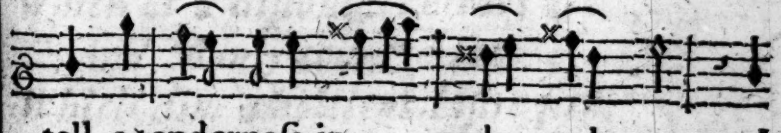
my ſoul when you appear: Ah! *Strephon* you



my thoughts imploy with all that's charming,

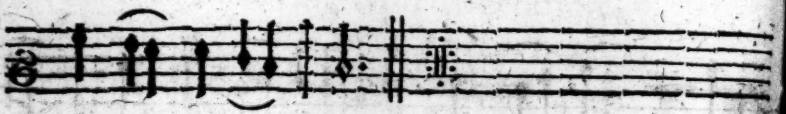


all that's dear: When you your pleaſing ſtory



tell, a tenderneſs in——vades each part, and

I with bluſhes own I feel, ſomething too



melting at my heart:

Each ſigh my reaſon does ſurprize,
and I at once both wiſh and fear:

My wounded Soul mounts to my Eyes,
as if 'twould prattle ſtories their.

Take, take that Heart, that needs would goe,
but Shepherd ſee it kindly uſed;

For who ſuch treaſures would beſtow,
if this, alas, ſhould be abuſed?

Cupid put to Flight.

A Pleasant New Song.

1.

HEnce foolish Boy my anger shun,
Thy Triumphs are no more;
No more by thee, the World's undone,
Thy Conquests now are o're.
Alas! that such an Elfe so long
Besotted has the World;
That at his beck the Warriers strong,
Their Ensignes up have furl'd.

2.

And laid the glorious business by,
That called forth their Arms
To gaze upon a Womans Eye,
And Court destructive charms;
Which at a distance Vertues kill,
And Manly courage tame;
Which dim ambitions lustre still,
And put us out of frame.

3.

Then learn of me, henceforth be wiſe,
Slight, ſlight, that fooliſh Boy,
Who ever us wou'd Tyranize,
And all our Peace deſtroy.
In ſunder let his Shafts be ſnap'd,
And he at nought be ſet,
With his falſe Mother be intrap'd,
In Vulcans ſubtle Net.

The brisk Lover, or Sleep an Enemy to Nocturnal Delights.

A New Song.

1.

BEgone thou dull Morpheus, *thou envier of bliſs,*
Who ſhrouds us in ſlumber whilſt pleaſure we miſs;
The briskeſt delights fly over, whil'ſt we
By the fumes of bad Wine contract Lethargie.
When Beauties do languiſh, and vainly expect
The Joys that they ſigh for, thou cauſeſt neglect;
Whilſt they curſe their hard fate, and find no relief,
But ſcrubbing and ſcratching complain of their grief.

2

Then fly to thy Cave where drowſineſs reſts,
Which ever nights Goddeſs with Sable inveſts,
And let us alone in our pleaſant embraces;
Hinder not Lovers in their active paces.
Let their flames burn brighter, their joys ſtill encreaſe,
While paſſionate Lovers fulfil every wiſh.
And to God Cupid let homage be paid,
For Love is a Deity muſt be obey'd.

A *Memento* to the *Whigs*; or a Looking-Glaſs for Deceivers.

A New Song.

REmember you Whigs,
What has lately been done,
What curſed intreagues,
Your dire Plottings brought on;
When as England *ſhe bluſh'd,*
With the Blood of her Sons,
True Loyalty cruſh'd,
Till it was quite undone.

Church-Plunder was counted
An innocent ſport,
And what elſe ſurmounted
The ſpoil of the Court.
Old Reverend Pauls, *then*
A Stable was made;
By ſuch preciſe men
As in Sacrilege Trade.

3.

Who piſs'd in the Font
To Chriſten their Horſes,
And Dagon *did mount*
When they'd pull'd down the Croſſes.
Pretending of Liberty,
Up got the crue,
Who acted ſuch Tyranny
England *ne'r knew.*

Stead of Reformation,
And many a fine thing,
They ruin'd the Nation,
And Murther'd their King.
But now we grow wiſe,
It ſhall never be ſaid,
That we'll ſhut our Eyes
Whilſt the Nation's betray'd.

A Short Catch, or the Reſolute Lover.

A New Song.

1.

FAith Jenny *do not frown, you muſt not ſay me nay,*
But upon this Moſſie Bank let us ſport and play.
The weather is inviting, and the ſhades do hide us:
Come to my Arms my lovely Laſs, there's none will chide us.
Thou's t ever be my Joy and Bliſs, I'le have no other,
Maidenheads at firſt or laſt were made for one another.

They'r only airy fancy'd things, always fleeting,
And never perfect pleasure bring, but at retreating.
Then come my Jenny *say not nay, for 'tis all in vain;*
Better your Maiden-head was lost than I suffer pain.
But now, now, I see Love conquers, and does the Fort surprize:
I see I am victorious, ther's yielding in her Eyes.

Cruelty revenged or too late Repentance.

A New Song.

1,

DAme Nature she has made me fair,
And Art indu'd me past compare;
So that I've oft been sought in vain,
And still have answer'd with disdain.
No sighs could move me to have loved.
To Plaints, deaf as the Seas I've proved.
Laughed when they languish'd in despair,
And Triumph'd in each falling Tear.

2.

But now the mighty Triumphs paſt,
And I wear Cupid's *Chains at laſt.*
I love the Man that loves not me,
But pays with ſcorn my cruelty.
He flies from me when I make ſute,
And will not hear my paſſion out.
But leaves me blaſhing and confus'd,
And ſays too many I've abus'd.

3.

Alas what ſhall poor Celia *do,*
My former cruelties I rue;
And yet all is in vain my Grief
Finds no mittigation or relief.
I ſee the powerful God of Love,
Never his Shafts in vain does prove:
To puniſh thoſe that diſobey,
And do diſpiſe his Scepters ſway.

The

The Votary, or Chaſte Lover.

A New Song.

1.

HEnce ſtorming Boreas *Fan the roaring Ocean,*
Or in wild Africk *raiſe a ſtrong commotion.*
Where Auſter *ſpreads his Cloud ſupporting Wings;*
Diſturb not with thy Breath theſe ſilver ſprings,
In which Diana's *Nymphs bathe their fair Limbs,*
And bluſhing ſport about the Verdant brims.
Whilſt charmed Satyrs dance the Antick round,
And are with Vines and Ivy Chaplets Crown'd.

2.

Where the chaſte Goddeſs by the Moons pale light,
Appears in Majeſty tranſcendent bright.
And ſummons thither all her ſilver train,
Who trip it o're the flowry inamel'd Plain.
Amongſt which train my Nymph ſhe does reſide,
In thoughts of whom, I take my chiefeſt pride.
Her naked Beauties ſo tranſporting prove,
That who ſo gazes, raviſh'd is with Love.

The

The deceived Nymphs complaint.

A New Song.

1.

IRis *on the Bank of* Thames;
With a ſigh and weeping Eyes
Said to lovely Celleman;
Let no man your heart ſurprize,
Men are all made up of Lies.

2.

Though a thouſand times they ſwear,
And as many Vows repeat.
All they ſay is common Air,
All they promiſe but deceit;
None were ever conſtant yet.

Wiſely then preſerve your heart,
From ſuch tyranny of fate,
Which only then can act its part,
When Love has it's return of Fate,
And then repentance comes too late.

The Soldiers Reſolution.

A New Song.

HEnce idle fancies
Diſturbe me no more;
The follies of Love
I intend to give o're.
In Arms I'le court Fame,
Which Love does Eclipſe;
And ſcourge the proud Nations
With Mars's *ſteel Whips.*

Th

The Hallow.

A New Song.

FOllow, follow, follow,
The Salvage Bore is rous'd;
Hallow, hallow, hallow:
See he flies, see he flies,
And now i'th thickets hous'd;
See, see, his fiery Eyes,
The Dogs they ſtand at bay,
And now he's forc'd his way.

Diana's *Nymphs follow*
Their Goddeſs, who purſues,
With a charming hallow
The Shepherds they amuſe.
God Pan *he is tripping,*
And the Satyrs skipping,
The naked Nymphs to ſee,
Whoſe hallow's make ſweet Harmony.

The Follies of Love discoverd.

A New Song.

I Ne'r was in Love but once,
Then how like a Fool I did look,
O! never did block-headed Dunce,
Who fear'd to be whip'd for his Book.
Make more excuses than I,
To tell Folks I was not in Love;
But my looks gave me the lye,
My heart with my tongue did not move.

How much more than Woman I made her,
My self how much less than man.
Let him who in Love is a Trader,
Put on's Prespectives and scan.
Which caus'd her to stand at a distance,
And long hold me off at defiance:
But I was cured by resistance,
Which I ne'r had been by compliance.

And

And since I have laugh'd full oft,
To think of the follies of Love:
How Lovers are jeer'd and scoft,
Yet will not the cause remove.
A Cook-Wench, if once she find,
That unto her lure you are bent;
Shall be puffed in her mind,
And fancy that she is a Saint.

Loyalty Triumphant.

A New Song.

1.

NOw Loyalists cast up your Caps and rejoyce,
Since of Loyal Sheriffs, the City's made choice.
The Torrent of Faction begins to decline,
And those that Succession oppos'd i'th right Line.
Hang down their Noddles, their malice is spent;
And in vain they do study more shams to invent.
The Nation impos'd on no longer will be,
Though each of the Faction was a Sh------

2.

2.

With a Loyal Mayor too, the City is bleſt,
And Seditious Canters, they now are ſuppreſt.
Who madded the People with Sciſmatick Prate,
Thereby to ruine the Church and the State.
To wheel us about again to Forty One:
To Reforme Religion, whilſt they've left us none.
When the Tub-thumper once Mounted aloft,
Preach'd Treaſon ſo frequent at Maeſty ſcoff'd.

3.

Then Dray-men *and* Coblers *they rul'd all the roaſt,*
And we could no more of our liberties boaſt:
Till our Gracious Sovereign, Great Britains bright Sun,
Through the black Eclipſe of his Luſtre had run.
And with his mild rages dried the Deluge of Blood,
Which cruel Uſurpers unpittied ſhed.
And under his influence now ſafely we reſt,
With Peace and long Life may he ever be bleſs'd.

The

The Coy Bride brought to it at laſt.

A New Song.

1.

FAith Madam be not coy,
For I intend to Touze you:
Think you I have lived ſo long
And know not how to uſe you.
For if ſo you do me wrong,
Alas why this to me:
'Tis but in vain that from my Armes,
You ſtrive your ſelf to free.

2.

Come gently then lye down my dear,
Upon your Bridal Bed:
For no leſs ſtake I mean to play,
Then is your Maiden-head.
Ah! ſigh not ſo, 'tis all in vain;
I have Commiſſion now:
And to God Cupid *Thus--ah--thus*
I mean to pay my Vow.

Beauties

Beautie Drowned in Tears.

A New Song.

1.

SEe what a Conqueſt Love has made
Beneath the Mirtle Am'rous ſhade.
The charming fair Corinda *lies,*
All melting in deſire,
Quenching in Tears thoſe flaming Eyes,
That ſet the World on fire.

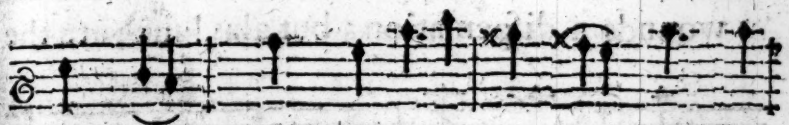
2.

Lamenting her Leander's *ſcorn,*
She Ecchoes to the Roſie Morn:
And with ſuch Breath perfumes the Air,
As paſſes Flora's *Bower.*
Whilſt from her Eyes and Cheeks ſo fair,
Still flows a Pearly ſhower.

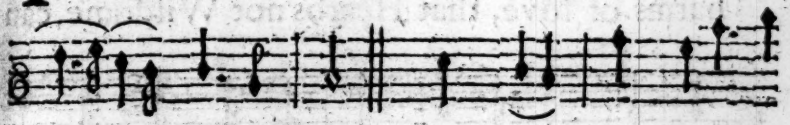
3.

Yet the hard-hearted Shepherd flies,
And to the Worlds bright Star denies
What Kings would humbly offer,
Bright Diadems and Scepters all:
Nay, Kingdoms ſhould they proffer,
Compar'd with Beauty are but ſmall.

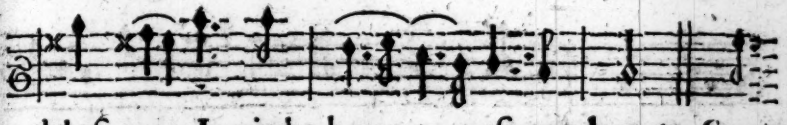
SONG.



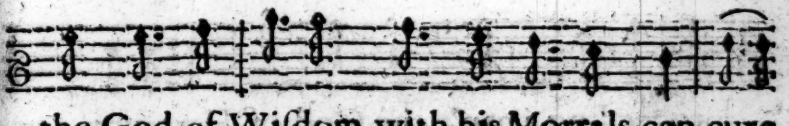
TO what Pow'r ſhall I addreſs me, that will



preſent aid impart? wou'd the Great *Apollo*

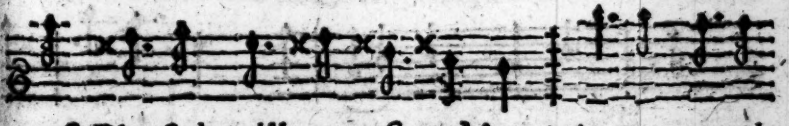


bleſs me, I might hope to eaſe my heart. Sure

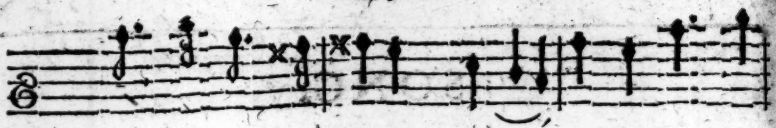


the God of Wiſdom with his Morrals can, cure

what they call a fooliſh paſſion; Sure the God

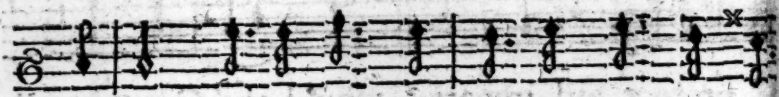


of Phyſick will to eaſe a Man, give to *Cupids*

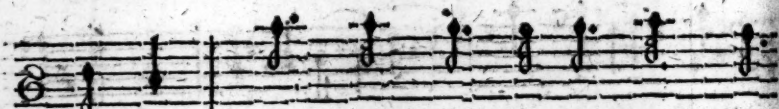


wounds a diſpenſation; but alas! ſuch are the

harms of love, that Hearbs not Wiſdome can



remove: cannot he that's God of Light releaſe



the Blind? Tho' their darkneſs is from Love

proceeding; can't the God of Harmony com-

poſe the mind, wherein Love was long his diſ-

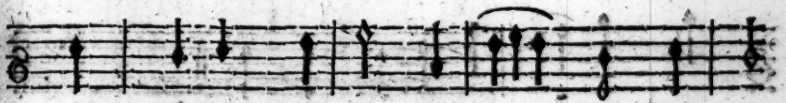
cords breedings; no! for Light and Muſick ra-

ther move, than hinder or extinguish love.

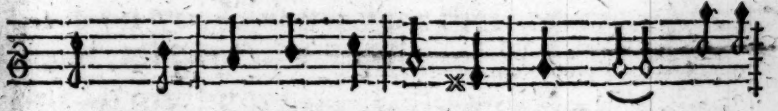
SONG.

COme fill up my Glass with the juyce of the

Vine, and give it me in my right Hand, Boys;



God *Bacchus* himself was then most divine,

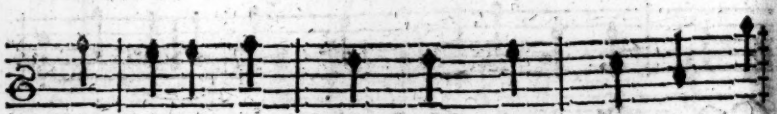


when he could neither go nor stand Boys. Into

this sacred juice we'l convert all our Coyn,

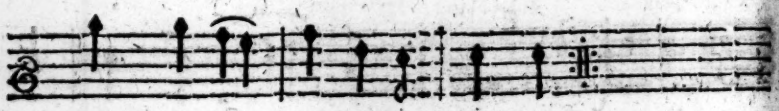
and when that's gone, our Houſes and Land

Boys; 'tis Wine that enlivens the block-Heads



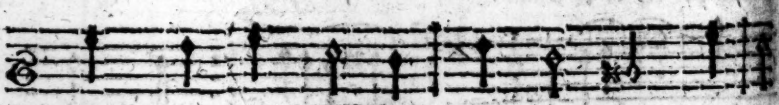
dull ſenſes, 'tis Wine that makes Cowards to

fight for their Wenches, and Wine makes a



poor Man as great as a Prince is.

SONG:

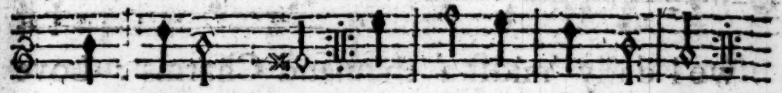


BRight was the Morning, cool the Ayr, ſerene

was

was all the Sky; when on the waves I left

my fair, the center of my joy: Heaven and Na-



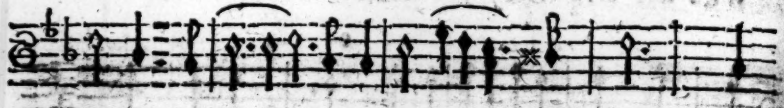
ture ſmiling were, and nothing ſad but I.

Each Roſie Field, it's odours ſpread,
all fragrant was the Shore;
Each River-God roſe from his Bed,
and ſigh'd, and ow'd his pow'r;
Curling their Waves they deck'd her Head,
as proud of what they bore.

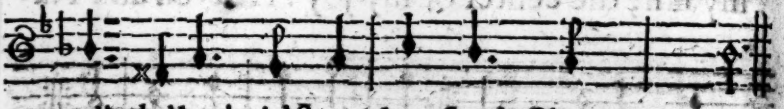
Glide on yee Waters, bear theſe Lines,
and tell her I'm deſtreſt;
Bear all my ſighs yee gentle winds,
waft them to her fair breaſt;
Tell her, if e're ſhe prove unkind,
I never ſhall have reſt.

SONG.

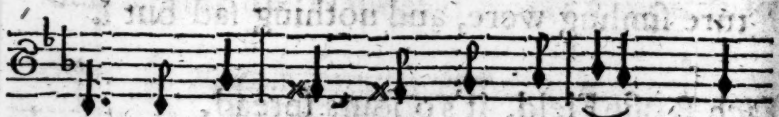
SONG.



AH *Cloris*! haſten to thy *Strephon's* arms, where



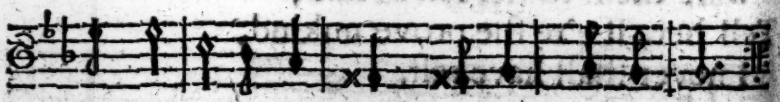
we'l dally 'midſt a thouſand Charms: Love



ſhall tranſport us, whilſt each wondring Swain

ſuffers his Sheep to ſcatter o're the Plain; lays

by his Reeds, charm'd with the thoughts of



bliſs, he envies all our blooming happineſs.

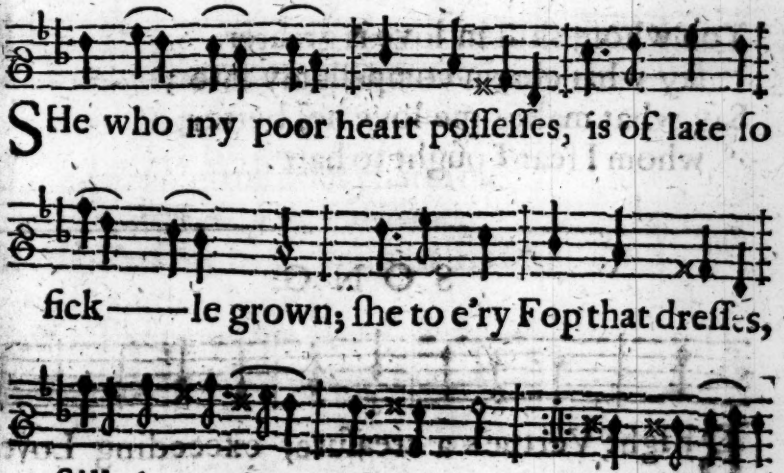
Each

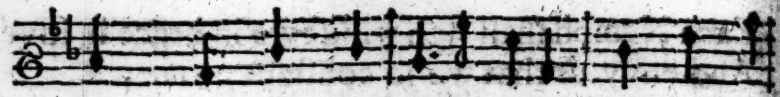
Each Nymph ſhall ſigh whilſt we imbrace in love,
And envy us that we ſo conſtant prove;
Oh charming *Cloris*, haſte, make haſte away,
My torments are increaſed by delay.

The Tyrant Love has ſeiz'd upon my heart,
And I am wounded by his cruel Dart;
No more I can reſiſt his conquering flame,
Then to rejoyce when I hear *Cloris* name.

Come, come my lovely Nymph, the *ſhades* invite,
And gaudy Spring is tempting to delight:
Then haſte my fair one, haſte and come away,
For know thy *Strephon* ſuffers by delay.

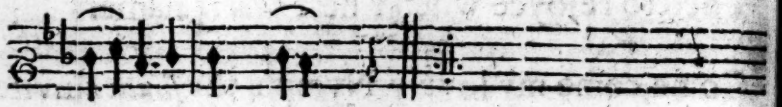
SONG.





chanc'd to name her, I, all raviſh'd did appear;

now I bluſh leaſt they defame her with ſome

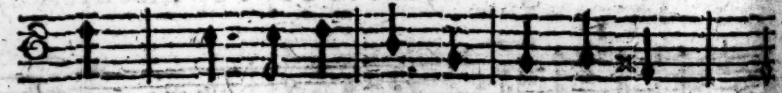


truth I dare not hear.

While my doubts are yet prevailing,
if ſhe but the thing deny,
Soon ſhe makes me leave my railing,
and I give my thoughts the Lye.

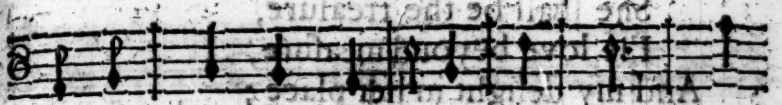
You whoſe skill in love is greater,
ſay what charm compells my fate;
Say what makes me love her better,
whom I fear I ought to hate.

SONG.

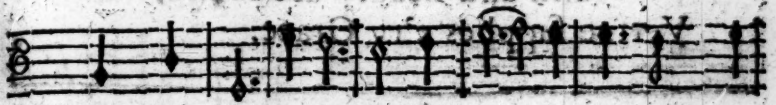


BRight Vertue's a treaſure, exceeding Loves

pleaſure,

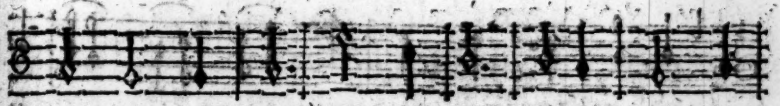


pleaſure, it makes a Heaven on Earth; there's

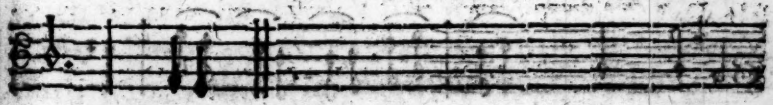


nought in Creation, of the divine faſhion, but

owes unto it its birth; Tell me not of Beauty,



for that will not ſuit me, nor riches make me



o——bey,

'Tis Vertue does charm me,
'Gainſt all elſe I arm me,
To that my beſt thoughts I pay.

Then find me that Jewel,
My Breaſt ſhall be fuel,
To entertain a chaſt flame;
I'le Woman admire,
If Vertue inſpire,
And ever extol her Fame.

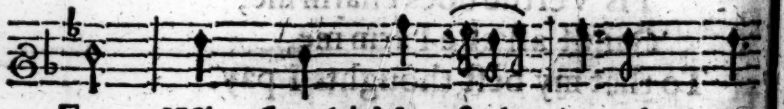
She ſhall be the treaſure,
I'le love beyond meaſure,
And my delight in her place;
For if Vertue abound,
Wealth and Beauty are found,
Vertue ſupplies e'ry Grace.

SONG.

SAd as Death at dead of night, the fair com-

plaining *Celia* ſat, but one poor Lamp was all

her light, while thus ſhe reaſon'd with her

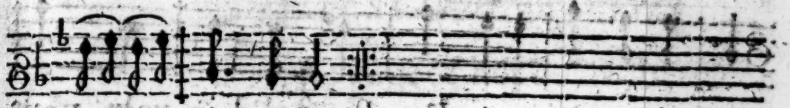


Fate; Why ſhould Man ſuch triumphs gain,

and purchaſe joys that gives us pain? ah! what

Glory

Glory, ah what Glory can enſue, a help--leſs



Vir---gin to undo.

Curſe the Night, and curſe the Hour
when firſt he drew thee to his arms;
When Vertue was betray'd by power,
and yielded to unlawful charms:
When Love approach'd with all his Fires,
Arm'd with hopes and ſtrong deſires,
Sighs and tears, and e'ry wile
With which the Men, with which the Men
the Maids beguile:
With which the Men, with which the Men
the Maids beguile,

Dream no more of pleaſures paſt,
ſince all thy torments are to come;
The ſecret is made known at laſt,
and endleſs ſhame is now thy doom:
The falſe forſworn alas is gone,
And left thee to diſpair alone:
Who that hears of *Celia*'s pain,
Will ever truſt, will ever truſt a Man again,

SONG.

I find my *Eugenia* I've ſtruggl'd in vain, your

powerful charms to withſtand; my heart can

its freedome no longer maintain, but yields to

your conquering hand: when beauty, and wit,

and good humour conſpire, what breaſt is ſo

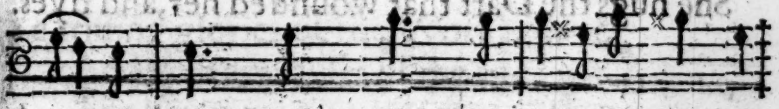
cold, as not to take fire.

SONG.

SONG.

AFter the fiercest pangs of hot desire, between

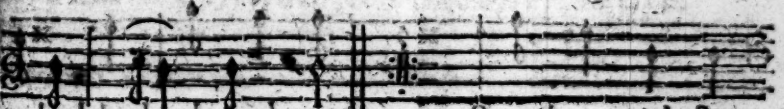
Panthea's rising breasts, his bending head *Phi-*



lander rests, though vanquisht, yet unknowing

to retire; close huggs the Charmer, and A-

shamed to yield, though he has lost the Day,



still keeps the Field.

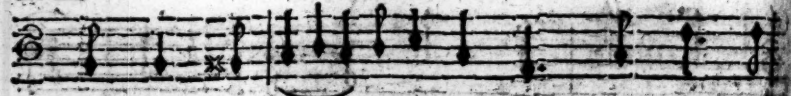
When

When with a ſigh the fair *Panthea* ſaid,
What pitty 'tis, ye Gods, that all
The braveſt Warriors ſooneſt fall,
Then with a Kiſs ſhe gently rais'd his head;
Arm'd him again for Fight, for nobly ſhe
More lov'd the Combate than the Victory.

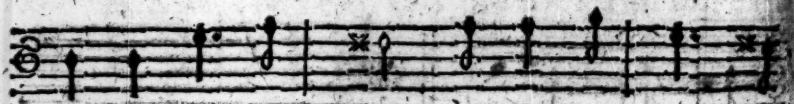
Then more enrag'd for being beat before,
With all his ſtrength he does prepare,
More fiercely to renew the War,
Nor ceaſes till that noble prize he bore:
Ev'n her ſuch wondrous courage did ſurprize,
She hugs the Dart that wounded her, and dyes.

SONG.

AS on his Death-bed gaſping *Strephon* day,

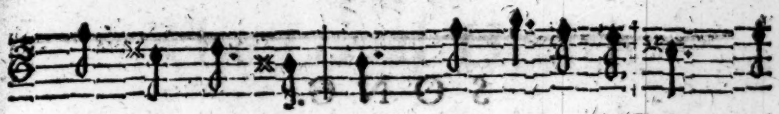


Strephon the wonder of the Plains, the nobleſt



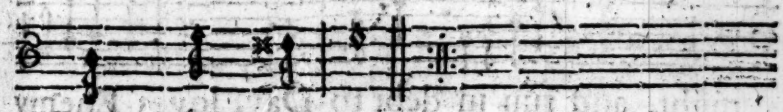
of th' *Arcadian* Swains, *Strephon* the bold, the

witty,



witty, and the gay; with many a ſigh, and

many a tear, he ſaid, Remember me ye Shep-



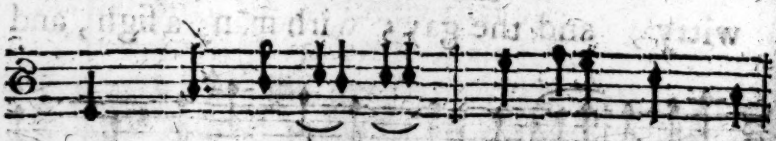
herds, when I'm dead.

Ye trifling glories of the World adieu,
And vain applauſes of the age,
For when we quit this mortal Stage,
Believe me Shepherds, for I tell you true, (have,
Thoſe pleaſures which from vertuous Deeds we
Create the ſweeteſt ſlumbers in the Grave.

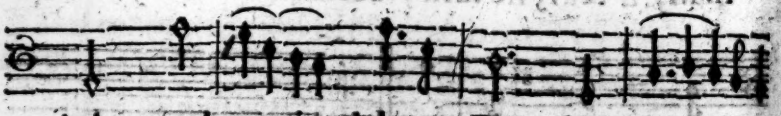
Then ſince your fatal hour will ſurely come,
Surely your heads lye low as mine,
Your bright Meridian Sun decline,
Beſeech the mighty *Pan* to guide you home;
If to *Elizium* you would happy flye,
Live not like *Strephon*, but like *Strephon* dye.

SONG.

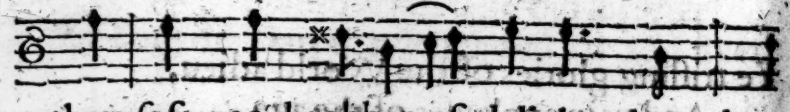
SONG.



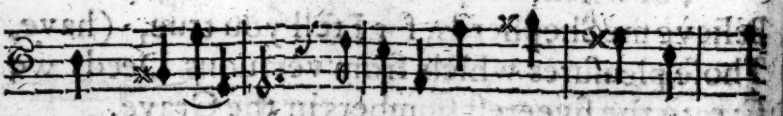
DRaw out thy minutes twice as long ſwift



night, and run in debt to Day, loves Enemy



thou ſoft pac'd robber of delight, how thou



doſt ſteal away: *Clorinda* bid time ſtop thy full

Carrier, whiſper a gentle charm into her ear

tell her 'tis you, tell her 'tis you that's here.

SONG.

The Loyal Health.

1.

HEre's a Health to Great James, ſet it round 'tis a Brimmer,
He who Drinks the Kings Health, and not this is a Trimmer.
Let us mark 'um for Whigs, who were never yet Loyal,
And out of our company ſtrait let them hie all.
For this is a place ſet a part for true Tories;
We'l here have no Canting nor ſeditious ſtories.
But Drink Healths to the King and his Lawful Succeſſours,
And thoſe that of Loyalty are true Profeſſors.

2.

Nor will we with matters of State at all meddle,
For thoſe they concern not, to prate of um's idle.
The Claret it ſparkles, come briſk about troul it.
So merrily, merrily, round let us bowl it.
Fill each man his Bumper, let ſorrows all vaniſh,
A confuſion to thoſe that Great York *ſought to baniſh.*
To make room for an Idol of their own creation,
That Knaves might be turn'd up Trump through the whole Nation.

Short Wooing.

1.

JEnny *can you love me,*
If you can, ſay ſo;
Faith, if once you prove me,
You will not ſay no.
Then my Jenny *down lie,*
And we'l be trading:
Hold up your Needles Eye,
I'ſe put my Thread in.

The Inchanted Lover.

A New Song.

1.

[Y *Miſtriſs ſhe is fair and kind,*
No cruelty is in her Eyes;
he's inconſtant as the Wind,
nd daily to new Lovers flies.
ooner Courted, but ſhe yields,
A free acceſs to Beauties treaſure:
r modeſty it ſeldome ſhields,
Her thoughts from wanton pleaſure.

2.

Yet ſuch are her inchanting Charmes,
That when her Eyes I gaze upon;
They ſoon betray me to her Armes,
To Solace till i'm quite undone.
How oft I've ſwore I would forſake,
The charming fair Deceiver;
But have been forc'd my Vows to break,
Not having Power to leave her.

No Cure but Kindneſs.

A New Song.

1.

I Languiſh all Night,
And I Sigh all the Day;
Yet Celia *proves cruel,*
And ſtill turns away.
She hides the bright luſtre
Of her Star-like Eyes,
And unimploy'd Beauty,
For which Strephon *dies.*

The Nymphs they do pitty me,
But 'tis in vain:
Apollo *himself,*
Cannot ease my fierce pain.
None but she that wounds me,
Has Balsome to Cure
The desperate anguish,
I daily indure.

Country Discourse.

1.

TOm, *what do'st think on't, how doe matter go Mon;*
I'vaith Dick, *in our Town they are but so, so Mon.*
Why then I'vads, I'se tell thee, ther's News from London *Town;*
Loyalty at last got up, and Faction tumbled down.
I'vaith I'se hear as much Tom, *the De'l has now forsook u'm;*
The London *Mons no longer will suffer* Whigs *to Rook u'm.*

I'vaith it is but juſt Dick, (*for they have had their ſhare*)
That honeſty ſhou'd now be Trump, I'ſe think it is but fair,
Avads Tom, *thou Zaiſt it, and I'ſe but think it right,*
That with the King of Whigland, *his Herd were put to flight.*
Zouz now, I'ſe don' think on't, where Don Whigland *ſtand,*
Every where, where Treaſon brings up the Rear or Van.

Celia's Unkindneſs.

A New Song.

1.

Mr. Celia *ſtay, why fly'ſt thou ſo;*
Whether, whether wilt thou go,
Cruel wilt thou leave me now,
To whom thou conſtancy didſt Vow.
When thy ſoft Whiſpers through my Ears,
Paſſing Baniſh'd all my Cares;
Think, think of what ſo late is paſt,
And fly not, fly not now ſo faſt.

Wound me not with cruelty,
For if ſo, I ſoon ſhall die.
My Life it is bound up in thee,
And when thou'rt gone, it leaveth me.
No Pleaſure but in thee I take,
And all things ſuffer for thy ſake.
Nothing e'r to hard can prove,
For my Ever conſtant Love.

3.

For ſince my Breaſt it has proved fuel,
And took Fire, be you not cruel;
But with kindneſs quench the Fire,
Which ſtill burns with ſtrong deſire.
Which ſtill torments with pleaſing pain;
Oh! come my Celia *back again,*
With gentle Breath come fan my Feaver,
Or I am loſt, undone for ever.

Advice to Virgins.

3.

PRetty Nymph, why always bluſhing,
If thou loveſt, why art thou coy.
In thy Cheeks thoſe Roſes fluſhing,
Shew the fearful of thy Joy.
What is Man that thou ſhoud'ſt dread,
To change with him a Maiden-head.

2.

At firſt all Virgins feare to do it,
And do triſle out their time.
And ſtill unwillingly come to it.
In fooliſh Whining ſpend their Prime.
But when they once have found the way,
Then they'r for it Night and Day.

A New Play Song.

1.

WHere art thou God of Love, for who's ſoft Chain,
The beſt of Mankind ever does complain
Since they effect to be
Thy Captive before Liberty,
Unkind and diſobliging Deity.
Thou flieſt from Princes, and from Lovers Eyes,
Yet every Night with the poor Shepherd lies.

2.

Shew thy ſelf now a God, and take ſome care,
Of the diſtreſſed, innocent and fair;
To reſt, to reſt, diſpoſe the pittied Maid
Her Eye-lids cloſe,
Gently as Evening does
Shut up a Roſe.
Then bear in ſilent, Whiſpers in her Ear,
Such pleaſing words as Virgins love to hear.

The

The diſpairing Lover.

A New Song.

1.

DArkneſs does now the World ſurround
And ſilence every where is found.
Each Shepherd with his Shepherdeſs,
Long dallying in Loves exceſs;
Sleeps at laſt between her Breaſts,
And void of Care ſecurely reſts.

2.

The Flocks they now do ceaſe to ſtray,
And only Stars keep on their way.
And ſilent Ghoſts who haunt the Tombs,
And vaniſh with the diſmal Glooms.
But I, poor I, with love poſſeſs'd,
Muſt languiſh and can have no reſt.

What is it that I have not done, (moan
What sighs, what showr's of Tears, what
Have I sent, have I shed and made;
Yet still with scorn I am repay'd.
Since vertue here no rest can have,
I'le hast to slumber in the Grave.

The Grievances of the Nation Discovered.

1.

A Pox of these Whigs *let us rout 'um,*
Too long they have pester'd the Nation.
And we shou'd be happy without 'um,
Then honesty wou'd have its station,
And Loyalty once again flourish;
The Kingdom will soon have a blessing,
If Faction and Schisme once perish,
For Union will spread past expressing.

Our Joys they will then be abounding,
Fledg'd Victory will then come flying,
With her golden Trumpet loud sounding,
Reviving our Courage that's dying.
Whilst amongst our selves we'r divided
By Cantors that still seek our ruine
Are Jesuits, or Oats *has bely'd it,*
That ever have sought our undoing.

2.

By setting with specious pretences,
The simple rude Rabble a madding.
To pull down the Governments Fences,
That they may in Rapine be trading.
But thanks our bless'd stars they'r detected
The Mists they did blind us with vanish,
And now we have Wisely rejected,
All Jesuits Genevian *and* Spanish.

The Innovation.

A New Song.

1.

HAst, haſt, thou powerful God of Love,
Whilſt in Miſtick Dance
We do advance
To Venus *conſecrated Grove,*
Beneath the Myrtle Bows,
To pay our Vows,
And all our Eager Joys to prove.

2.

Fan with thy Silver Wings the Air,
And ſcatter Roſes round
Whilſt that I wound
With thy lov'd Shaft the charming fair,
And let our tranſport be
Felicity
Beyond what Mortals yet do ſhare.

The Country Wooing.

A New Song.

FAith Betty, *you know that I long have loved you,*
And to be my Wife full often have moved you.
But you have looked ſcornful, yet now tell me true,
What is it my Sweeting you mean for to do.
If that you will have me, deny me no more,
For I of Complements have ſpent my ſtore.
Then ſay, ſhall us wedded be, nay Love bluſh not,
For I'm reſolv'd to know the very upſhot.

Betty

Are you in earneſt then; nay if you be ſo,
I'ſe mun ask my Mamma before I'ſe con go.
I'ſe warrant ſhe'l glad be, when once ſhe hears on't,
I'ſe oft hear you talk, but ne'r ween'd you'd a don't.
But if we mun be Married, ah-be Married,
I'ſe will be to the Kirk on Horſe-back carry'd;
And then we's have a Feaſt made of Curds and Creamen,
Where I'ſe am reſolv'd for to Watchel mine Wem.

John

Then art thou ſo willing my pretty Pigs-nies,
The only Jewel that Jonny ere did prize.
Then to thy Mothers Houſe ſpeedily lets gang,
For to be tickling of thee, faith I do long.
We'l daily on the Peeſe-mow ſport it merrily,
And all the pretty arts of Love there we'l try.
I will clip thee in my Armes with ſoft Kiſſes,
Such as Gentlefolk give to their kind Miſſes.

The Loyaliſts Delight.

A New Song.

GReat CHARLES our bleſt Sovereign
At laſt has ſubdued
The Murmuring Faction
That ſtrove to intrude
Into Matters of State
For to Imbroil the Nation;
Sedition no More
Shall be made a Vocation.

2.

But under the Reign
Of ſo bounteous a King,
From whom all Vertues
And Goodneſs does ſpring.
Good Subjects ſhall flouriſh
In plenty and peace,
Whilſt Faction now blaſted
Shall ever decreaſe.

Loves force deſpiſed.

A New Song.

1.

AWay fooliſh Boy,
I'le not indure,
Love, that ſimple toy,
For to procure
To me the leaſt annoy.
Away with your Quiver,
Your idle Dart
Shall never, never,
Procure my ſmart,
But I'le brave you ever.

Oh! that men Shou'd be
Afraid of thee,
Afraid of one
Who could never See;
And at his Throne,
Still to bow the Knee,
Whom folly impowr's
For to bear ſway,
When as idle Howers
Us do betray
To ſleep in his Bowers.

FINIS.